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A

MISCELLANY OF RHIMES.

2

WRITTEN ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

AND

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

BY

THE LEAST, THE LOWEST OF THE TUNEFUL TRAIN.

GLOCESTER:

PRINTED BY R. RAIKES,

FOR EVANS AND HAZELL, IN THE WESTGATE STREET,
GLOCESTER; AND W. NORTH, BRECON.

MDCCCLXXXII.

7

MISCELLANY OF RHIMES



VARIOUS

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS

THE LEAST, THE LOWEST OF THE TOWERED TOWER

GLOUCESTER

PRINTED BY E. A. WILKES

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WIDENESS

TO THE
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF HUMANITY;
THOSE FRIENDS TO
THE WIDOW, THE FATHERLESS, AND THE STRANGER;
WHOSE NAMES ADORN THE FOLLOWING PAGES,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED
WITH THE MOST LIVELY GRATITUDE,
AND
PROFOUND RESPECT
BY
THE AUTHOR.

1851

17

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WHOSE NAMES ADD TO THE FOLLOWING PAGES.



IN THIS VOLUME INDICATED

WITH THE MOST LIVELY GRATITUDE,

AND

THEY BEG TO RECORD RESPECT

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The writer of the following paper was pre-
sented upon to the public at the
although extensive, was accompanied by some gen-
tlemen, who, in the course of the evening, mentioned their
name, and in the course of the evening, for his
opinion, and in the course of the evening, while he
hesitated, and in the course of the evening, towards
the balance, and in the course of the evening, he appeared
died, and in the course of the evening, no instant—
With them, for the purpose of the public
determined to obtain the
and issued proposals, and

ADVER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was not without the utmost reluctance, that the Writer of the following Trifles was prevailed upon to submit them to public view; although exhorted and encouraged by some gentlemen, whose names, if he dared mention them here, would be more than an apology for his obedience to their wishes.—Indeed, while he hesitated, a very unfortunate accident turned the balance. A Friend, whom he esteemed, died, and left a widow and two infants.—With them, for the sake of the deceased, he determined to divide the generosity of the public, and issued proposals accordingly.

Such

Such being the real motives that induced him to make his Rhimes public, he doubts not but that he shall be heard with a favourable regard, while he pleads for mercy at the bar of criticism.

E R R A T A.

Page 36, line the last, for *tool* read *too*.

Page 100, line the fourth, for *says* read *his*.



PART I.
ELEGIES, &c.

ELEGY I.—1764.

ALTHOUGH repuls'd, yet would I strive to move
Thy pity for the youth, whose faithful breast,
Still glows with tender, though with hopeless love,
To peace an alien, and unknown to rest.

Thy image in this bosom still I bear:

Here reigns the tyrant-god, without controul;
And all his fell attendants wait him here,
To rend my heart, and torture all my soul.

So, as 'tis said, the wretch Prometheus lay ;

Fast to the rock his writhing limbs were bound ;

The fowls of rapine on his vitals prey,

And gore, from morn to night, the streaming wound.

In early years, as yet a tender boy,

Were sown, alas ! the seeds of future pain :

My infant bosom, at thy smile was joy, —

Ah Love ! thy labour was not spent in vain.

My little heart, then heav'd the broken sigh,

If thou wert absent from th' accustom'd hill ;

I mourn'd thine absence, though I knew not why ;

Ah, lovely maid ! I mourn thine absence still.

Perhaps awhile the sportive train among,

Some other form has drawn these eyes astray ;

Yet soon thy beauties to my fancy throng,

How much superior, more divine than they !

Thus,



hus, whilst by night we view the Welkin clear,

The twinkling stars engage the vacant eyes;

But soon their transient glories disappear;

Aurora's self ascends the eastern skies!

Oppress'd with grief, when nature sinks to rest,

And visionary scenes beguile the mind,

'Tis only then, in fancied smiles, I'm blest'd;

'Tis only then, I view thee fair and kind.

Too soon alas! the shades of night are gone;

Obtrusive day beholds me still forlorn:

I covet not the glare of yonder sun,

That gives too plainly all thy real scorn.

In vain with sighs I plead the gentle flame;

In vain the muse inspires the plaintive strain;

In vain thy fair companions urge my name;

They ask thy pity for the youth, in vain.

So to the statue superstition kneels ;

The chisel'd marble stands unmov'd by pray'r ;

No pity for the votary it feels,

And sighs and vows are all as empty air.

E L E G Y II.—1766.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, AFTER A FIT OF SICKNESS.

ELIZ A, yes, that envied time is o'er
When love and rural innocence I knew;
On * Duppa's sportive hill I tread no more,
Where health in every passing gale I drew.

Unceasing toil and ever-haunting care
Are mine; and every tranquil joy is fled:
See this pale cheek, the city's pois'ned air
Hath sunk and blasted all the rural red.

* Near Croydon in Surry.

How

How could I leave the dear, the fost'ring shade,

Where peace and virtue ever love to dwell—

Where Wandle pours his stream along the glade—

Where meek contentment forms her mossy cell?

Ambition found me in the humble vale,

And o'er my head her sad enchantments threw;

Alas! I list'ned to her flattering tale;

Alas! I follow'd where she bade pursue.

Far to the glittering spires she turn'd mine eyes;

Piercing the clouds, I saw them high ascend;

Like these, she said, let daring genius rise,

Whilst dastard clowns at awful distance bend;

Deluded youth, I scorn'd the rustic cot,

The neighb'ring village and my fellow swains;

Repin'd that fortune there had cast my lot—

Ah sad mistake! sad cause of future pains!

My anxious parent spoke her tender fear,

Whilst the big tear hung trembling in her eye;

‘ Alas, my son !’—and wip’d the falling tear,—

‘ Why wilt thou go, and leave me here to die ?

‘ What is there in the city’s boasted joys,

‘ That from his mother’s arms my boy would run ?

‘ What is there aught but shining empty toys,

‘ Save real snares and dangers for my son ?’

She weeping said ; her tears unheeded fall ;

My heart was fixed upon the gaudy shew :

Ah ! had I list’ned to the tender call ;

And to her tears paid the obedience due,

I had not then been gasping on my bed,

Scorch’d with the fever’s fierce and cruel fire ;

Nor had she trembling to my side been led,

Dreading to see her only son expire.

E L E G Y

E L E G Y III.—1767.

SHE is no more,—the sad attendants cry ;

The piercing sounds yet echo in mine ear,

Whilst streaming sorrows flow from every eye,

'Tis mine alone denies the easing tear.

Yet, though these eyes the tide of grief deny ;

(A grief too great to find its passage there)

The heart full charged shall heave the frequent sigh,

And pen thy dirge, O much lamented fair !

Yes she was fair ; but what avail'd her form ?

That falls to dust, the common heap to raise,

As though possess'd of no superior charm,

As though it forc'd not Envy's self to praise.

Yes

Yes she was fair ; but 'twas her mind that shone

As much superior to its lovely shell,

As that, the matchless work of beauty's own,

Was form'd with care all others to excell.

The summons came, the tyrant sped the dart ;

She smil'd obedience to her early doom ;

From her dear lips no murmuring accents part ;

But undismay'd she hasted to the tomb.

Yet we regret the blow, our murmurs rise,

And almost dare the hand of heav'n to chide :

The fatal stroke that took her from our eyes,

" Gave joy to her, but grief to all beside."

No more the wand'ring swain shall see her stand,

Where awful solitude and silence reign'd ;

When Thomson's pages fill'd her lovely hand,

Or pity fill'd her eye, as Young complain'd.

On you, ye Bards, she drop'd the frequent tear,

The tear that virtue and the muse requir'd :

She lov'd the muse, and was to virtue dear,

Fav'rite of both, by both was she inspir'd.

'Tis done, she triumphs to her native skies,

And joins her kindred of the heav'nly throng ;

Thither, she often rear'd her longing eyes ;

Thither, she often rais'd the plaintive song.

Look down, blest Seraph ! from the realms on high,

And see a well known youth of thee bereft—

Say, if thy thoughts e'er turn below the sky,

Why thou wert taken, and why he was left ?

Why left to linger here in grief and pain,

A captive, vainly struggling to be free ;

To drag the load of life, a weary chain,

And lift his eyes in vain to 'scape to thee ?

Though

Though young his years, yet, 'till his latest breath,

The faithful memory shall preserve thy name;

Nor quit the hold, when in the grasp of death;

But bear to thee, the unextinguish'd flame.

A

(3)

E L E G Y IV.

TO A FRIEND.—1767.

AND are we born to linger out our time

In wretched toil, and hope for no redress?

Nor follow fortune to a distant clime,

Where, haply, she may persecute us less?

Have we not hearts new regions to explore?

Have we not pow'r, whilst youthful ardours warm?

Then let us fly and seek some distant shore;

Nor dread the waves, nor fear the black'ning storm.

Yes I will go, will quit my native land,

Nor cast behind one longing, ling'ring look;

Yet, give me heav'n, one valued youth at hand,

"One writ with me in four misfortune's book."

With

With thee, MY FRIEND, how joyful could I stray,

Where human foot-step ne'er before was seen !

With thee, how chearful skim the watry way,

Where life and death have but a plank between.

For what is here, to tempt a longer stay,

Where not one beam of comfort cheers the mind ;

Where ev'ry promis'd joy is torn away,

Nor even hope, alas ! is left behind.

The honour'd hand, that rear'd my tender years,

Lies in the dust, by age and cares deprest ;

My parent wash'd her father's grave with tears,

Herself not long denied the boon of rest.

The weight of woe is mine—I bear it all—

No brother comes to claim an equal share ;

No sister mine,—see'st thou those hillocks small,

My tender sisters both are buried there.

And

And *sHE in whom my ev'ry wish was bound,

Her beauty, virtue, wit, and life must cease:

This was the stroke that fataliz'd the wound,

And kill'd at once the poor remains of peace.

So the lone elm bends o'er the mountain's brow,

Its fairest limbs the storm incessant tears;

'Till one tremendous flash hath laid it low,

When nothing, save the ruin'd trunk, appears.

Come then away,---shall we to India's strand,

Or o'er the wide Atlantic swell the sail?

Or shape the course to Afric's burning sand?

Or tow'rd the Pole drive with the ruffl'd gale?

The winged words were blown away.

No more mine---but from their hollows fall.

My heart like thine, O'erwhelm'd with grief,

• Elegy III.

End

Alike

Alike to me, so that we quit this isle,

Where I, in sorrow's school, have long been train'd;

Her bitter cup hath fill'd my hand the while,

And to the dregs the bitter cup I've drain'd.

TO A FRIEND IN LONDON,
WITH THE FOREGOING ELEGIES.

A YOUTH obscure, though not to thee unknown,
Whom from his birth affliction made her own ;
Whose muse alone is all the joy he knows,
(Except the joy that from thy friendship flows)
Presents to thee, these artless pensive lays,
The fond effusions of his early days.

O, if thy heart e'er felt the tender pain,
That love can give, with all its anxious train ;
If death hath taken all thy soul held dear,
And left thee, stung with grief, to linger here ;
If thou hast seen thy hopes and prospects fade,
And pin'd whole years neglected in the shade ;

Then,

Then, shall these plaintive notes, call forth a sigh,

Nor shall the tear be absent from thine eye;

Again thy heart with sympathy shall melt,

As memory tells what thou, MY FRIEND, hast felt.

The muse, on feeble pinions, dares to rove,

And weakly fings and flutters through the grove;

Yet, shall thy name her feeble flight prolong,

Her wings sustain and animate her song.

In thee she sings no pageant of an hour,

A thing with only titles, wealth or pow'r:

O may she still, the guilty strain, disclaim,

And fix her eye on one of worthy name,

Whose virtues, though in private life, shall shine,

And brighten up her glowing page like thine.

This to MY FRIEND; and if by fate's decree

I e'er should quit my native land and thee;

D

T.

TO A FRIEND IN LONDON,
WITH THE FOREGOING ELEGIES.

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 And brighten up her glowing page like thine.
 This to MY FRIEND; and if by fate's decree
 I e'er should quit my native land and thee;

To roam, unknown, beneath a distant sky,

Alike regardless, or to live or die;

Then as thine eye, in future days, may view

These records of the pungent grief I knew,

Thy heart, the seat of friendship and of truth,

Will yearn with pity for the exil'd youth.

Sussex, 1767.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A MUSIC-BOOK.

BENEATH a lofty beachen shade,

O let my careless limbs be laid,

Fair Windsor, near thy plains,

Lay me where Pope thy beauties sung,

While every muse enamour'd hung,

Upon his dulcet strains.

There, with the tenants of the spray,

My grateful reed shall jocund play ;

Delia and love, the theme :

The hill and grove shall echo round,

Old Thames, well pleas'd, shall catch the sound,

And bear it down his stream.

The weary hind his labour done,

Retiring with the downward sun,

Along the distant mead,

Shall stop to rest across the stile,

Applaud the lay, nor see the while,

Whence the fond sounds proceed.

But lead, O lead, my Delia near,

That she, the tender strains may hear ;

Haply, she may approve :

Perfusive sound will oft prevail,

When vows, complaints, entreaties fail,

To move the virgin's love.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

TO praise the sex for lips and eyes
 Sons of the muse may dip the quill;
 Anna, do thou the strain despise,
 Let thy contempt reward their skill.
 Such sycophants let triflers hear,
 Since triflers oft thy sex are born;
 Far from the nonsense turn thine ear,
 And treat the fawning fools with scorn.
 No coxcomb then shall dare profane,
 No fulsome fop shall give offence;
 But gentle youths shall wear thy chain,
 The rivets fast'ned by thy sense.

How

How pleasing is the modest fair !

How all her beauties brighter shine !

Refuse not, lovely maid, to hear,

Nor blush to find the praise is thine.

THE ROCKS OF RYE.

AMID the busy mad'ning throng,
 How painful mov'd the hours along!
 For solitude my wishes rose;
 For sylvan scenes of calm repose;
 Resolv'd, at last, the croud I fly,
 And hail the peaceful rocks of Rye!

Escap'd the busy mad'ning throng,
 Yet painful move the hours along:
 Beneath the calm sequester'd shade,
 A thousand cares my breast invade;
 Nor can this heart their pow'r defy,
 Though gain'd the peaceful rocks of Rye.

The

The' failor thus from danger free,
 Bewails his casket in the sea;
 And though with life he gains the coast,
 Lives only to his treasure lost:
 So for Eliza's arms I sigh,
 Here ship-wreck'd on the rocks of Rye.

THE RUSTIC BOY.

A S O N G.

BENEATH a shade by Wandle stream,

When May perfum'd the ground,

Young Colin lay, and with his theme,

Fond echo babbl'd round.

So sweet the sad complaint he sung,

Of Daphne fair and coy,

The list'ning birds in silence hung

To hear the rustic boy.

E

O Daphne,

© Daphne, lovely maid, he cry'd,

For thee, I hopelefs pine;

Thou faireft flow'r on Wandle fide,

In whom all sweets combine;

For thee I feek the lonely fshade,

For thee my fongs employ;

Which thou with fcorn haft ftill repaid,

Deaf to thy ruftic boy.

How can that form, ye fhepherds fay,

Contain a heart fo cold?

Not Phcebus fshoots a brighter ray,

When fummer blooms unfold;

Yet with defpair my blood fhe chills;

• Her frowns my hopes deftroy;

No pity for my plaint fhe feels;

Nor heeds her ruftic boy!

Alas!

Alas! from yonder city vain,

A fluttering youth appears;

His mimic woes and fancy'd pain,

Deluded Daphne hears :

Ah turn thee, from his artful tale ;

Avoid the tinsel toy ;

Nor thus despise the humble vail,

And me thy rustic boy.

CHELMER'S BANKS,

A SONG,

WRITTEN FOR A LADY.

FROM Chelmer's banks why flies my swain?

Where can the wanton rove?

In vain I sigh, I call in vain;

He's deaf to me and love.

O haughty Thames! to thee he flies,

Nor heeds my tender plea;

Alas! his fickle heart denies

The Chelmer's banks and me,

How

How happy, once, was I to stray
 Along the meadow fair ;
 For all was chearful, all was gay,
 When my dear youth was there :
 His vows the silver stream hath heard,
 Those vows he made so free ;
 False, false have all his vows appear'd,
 To Chelmer's banks and me.

Yet still to thee this heart is true,
 Though thine ungrateful prove,
 And constancy shall ever shew,
 Though unreturn'd, my love :
 The Chelmer's stream with gentle sound,
 Thus murmurs to the sea ;
 Unchang'd by time, shall still be found,
 The faithful stream and me.

A B S E N T

A B S E N T K I T T Y .

W H E N hither first my Kitty came
 From pomp and noise retir'd,—
 My bosom kindled with a flame,
 By her fair form inspir'd.

What blooming maid on Surry's plains
 Could blush so sweet a dye ?

What jocund youth among the fwains
 Was half so blest'd as I ?

But, now, I drooping pass the day,
 Since she the plain has left ;
 So fades the flow'r and pines away,
 Of chearing beams bereft.

The

The birds that warble through the grove

No longer please the ear ;

No longer 'midst the shades I rove,

For Kitty is not there.

The winding stream hath now no charms,

No beauties there I trace ;

It still reflects the willows arms,

But not my Kitty's face.

Yon aged tree, where oft we met,

The sweets of eve to prove,

Its roots, an hospitable seat,

Its boughs, the veil of love ;

Uncouth and rugged meets my sight,

And sheds a hateful gloom ;

There perch the boding imps of night,

The heralds of the tomb.

O come,

O come, my Kitty, hither flee,

Once more to bless thy swain ;

Then birds and stream and aged tree

Will find their charms again.

WHAT

WHAT DO YOU MEAN

AH Celia, have not these fond eyes
 When thine have met them by surprise,
 Inform'd thee what their master meant
 By every tender glance they sent?

Have not these lips in accents weak,
 Falt'ring essay'd in vain to speak;
 Whilst, by their silence, lovely maid,
 They told what speech could ne'er have said

This hand when chance or when design,
 Guides trembling to the touch of thine,
 Its trembling surely well reveals,
 What Damon's anxious bosom feels.

F

These

These feet from thee unwilling go,
And move with ling'ring steps and flow;
To thee how swift they speed their way!
Is here no meaning, Celia? say—

Yes, eyes, lips, hands and feet, agree,
To shew what Damon means to thee;
They all, my Celia, strive to prove
Thy Damon's only meaning---LOVE.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

TO Strephon thus Flirtillo said—

‘ Why cross’d thine arms, reclin’d thy head,

‘ Though Clara proves unkind ?

‘ Well, let her frown and look disdain,

‘ Shall that give Strephon’s bosom pain

‘ And tear his tortured mind ?

‘ Come, raise thy head, and clear thy brow,

‘ And learn of me, I’ll shew thee how

‘ I jocund pass the day,

‘ In spite of all the female arts,

‘ In spite of Cupid’s bow and darts,

‘ And fearless sport and play.

‘ Lo, yonder wantons of the plain,---

‘ They roll their pretty eyes in vain,

‘ In vain display their charms;

‘ Indiff’rent I behold them all;

‘ To them no votary I fall,

‘ A slave to love’s alarms.

‘ To Venus I no altars raise;

‘ To her, this heart, no tribute pays;

‘ Flirtillo tells thee true;

‘ To glorious freedom I was born,

‘ The goddess and her sway to scorn,

‘ And scorn her urchin tool.’

But

But Venus who had heard the swain

Thus bid defiance to her reign

Descended from above ;

And now, the angry goddess cry'd,

I'll mortify this boaster's pride,

Or all his firmness prove.

She took Belinda's lovely form,

The fortress of his heart to storm,

And pass'd majestic by——

The swain fell prostrate at her feet,

Confess'd his life was all a cheat,

His doctrine all a lye,

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T O E L I Z A.

AT SOUTHAMPTON.

LONG hath thy youth the truant play'd

Long hath he left his lovely maid,

And struggled to be free;

But all his efforts were in vain,

Whate'er the rover strove to feign,

His soul was fixed on thee.

His rebel pen hath rage express'd

Against thy charms; yet still his breast

Was conscious thou wert fair;

And when he try'd his utmost art,

Thy image twin'd around his heart,

And kept its station there.

The

The bird that from the fair one's hand

Escaping takes a distant stand,

May plume awhile his wing;

But all in vain his short delight,

In vain he tries a farther flight,

His mistress holds the string.

TO THE SAME.

FATED to quit Eliza's arms,

My bosom beats with fond alarms;

Anxious I take the last embrace,

And, with reluctance, leave the place.

Ye

Ye rustic walls, with ivy crown'd,
 That Hampton's airy streets surround,
 Long may your ancient turrets stand,
 Secure from Time's destructive hand!

Within your circuit dwells the maid,
 Who smiling took the vows I paid,
 Nor gave me lovely smiles alone,
 But for my vows repaid her own.

Eliza, whilst within these veins
 The ebbing pulse of life remains,
 This heart, from falshood wholly free,
 Shall turn to Hampton's walls and thee?

TO THE SAME.

FROM LUDLOW.

OF every joy and hope bereft
Can I forget the scenes I left?
My longing eyes look back in vain,
To trace the lovely scenes again.

Ye lofty * hills that envious rise,
To bound the view of these fond eyes,
How oft to your blue ridge I turn,
How oft my lot in silence mourn!

* The Clee Hills.

G

Far,

Far, far away, are Hampton's walls,
Where duty, love, Eliza calls;
And fate severe commands my stay,
Far from Eliza, far away.

Where Corve and Teme their waters blend,
And ruin'd battlements descend,
By fogs and dulness circled round,
I tread the melancholy ground.

Sweet star of hope, O shine once more,
And guide me back to Hampton's shore;
There fix my steps, no more to rove,
From joy, from happiness, and love!

ON CONVERSING WITH THE SAME.

SO sweet thy gentle accents flow,
 With sense and lively wit discreet,
 The gales, on Ceylon's plains that blow,
 From beds of spice, are not so sweet.

Fain would I kiss those portals dear;
 Says Reason, that's absurd,---
 ' When angels speak let mortals hear,
 ' Nor interrupt a word.'

ON GOING TO THE THEATRE WITH THE SAME.

YES, I will go, my lovely fair;

But what's the theatre to me?

For know, my whole attention there,

Will fix, and fix alone on thee.

Let pageantry her pow'rs combine

To graft on admiration praise;

My sight and hearing both are thine,

What Shakespeare wrote, tho' Garrick plays.

TO MRS. M——, LONDON.

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

O, Whilst thy sorrows for thy darling flow,
And silence looks unutterable woe,
The muse, Maria, shall thy sorrows join,
And drop the sympathetic tear with thine;

Yet whilst the mother rises in thine eye,
And fell affliction hangs on ev'ry sigh
Fain would I minister some lenient balm,
Thy pains to mitigate, thy griefs to calm;
Then hear, Maria, what the muse shall sing,
And let her pluck from sorrow half its sting.

See,

See, on her rock, Faith pointing to the sky,
 The clouds pervading with her piercing eye
 Beholds (her breast enraptur'd at the sight)
 Thy living son amid the fields of light;
 Beholds him there, amid the heav'nly throng,
 Bidding the joys he feels, to thee belong;
 Thy drooping soul, his gentle accents cheer,
 And hope and resignation wipe the tear.

' Mourn not thy son, who lives in endless day,
 ' But bless the hand that gives, and takes away;
 ' That early snatch'd him from this scene of woe,
 ' From all the ills that mortals undergo;
 ' And when, but far, far distant be the hour,
 ' That thou art summon'd by almighty pow'r,
 ' When thine own trembling pulse shall cease to beat,
 ' And angels wait to guide thee to thy seat,

' Thy

‘ Thy son shall hover, foremost of the band,
‘ Joyful to catch his lovely parent’s hand;
‘ On eager wings conduct thee thro’ the skies,
‘ Where endless glories, joys immortal, rise:
‘ Again he’s thine, in all his brighter charms,
‘ And death no more shall tear him from thine arms.’

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H I.

BENEATH this sod, now, lies in peace

My honour'd parent's head :

Her varied woes and troubles cease,

Within the lowly bed.

Affliction mark'd the thorny path ;

Resign'd, she trod the way ;

Though reason fail'd, yet lively faith,

Unmov'd, felt no decay.

No more adown her faded cheek

The silent tears descend ;

Or stifled sighs her sorrows speak,

For here her sorrows end.

This is the quiet mansion, dear

To all the good distress'd :

The wicked cease from troubling here,

And here the weary rest.

H

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H II.

WITHIN this hillock's narrow bound

A lovely infant lies,

Till the last trumpet shakes the ground,

And rolls away the skies.

From every mortal ill below,

Secure shall Anna sleep;

Her little heart no pang shall know,

Her eyes no more shall weep.

Some pitting angel view'd the fair

With innocence array'd

And took her from each future snare,

A guilty world had laid.

This

This smiling faint without distrust,

Shall upward lift her eyes,

When thousands rising from the dust,

Shall tremble as they rise.

Let sorrow, for her early doom,

No more in silence sigh;

But hope, that points beyond the tomb,

Bid every tear be dry.

E P I T A P H III.

BENEATH this turf, where joys and sorrows end,
 Is laid the husband, brother, father, friend.
 In him the social virtues sweetly shone,
 For truth and spotless honour, were his own.
 No clouds of bigotry obscur'd his mind,
 His heart, expanding, took in all mankind.

Let those who knew his worth their sorrows speak,
 Accordant tears descending from their cheek,
 And say, when pointing to this hallow'd sod,
 Here sleeps awhile the noblest work of God,

T O A L A D Y,

WITH SOME OF THE FOREGOING PIECES.

W HERE Surry spreads its prospects fair,

I first assay'd the tuneful strain ;

Transparent Wandle saw me there,

And heard the ruddy boy complain.

The willows bending o'er the stream,

Or rustling with the vernal gale,

Invited oft the tender theme,

And seem'd responsive to the tale.

On Duppa's fide with sliding feet,
 Short breathing would I wind my way,
 And hear its vocal caves repeat
 In fainter sounds, the rural lay.

The fond effusions to thy hand,
 O gentle maid, I grateful bring,
 Thou hast them here at thy command,
 At thy command again I sing.

ON MR. MOORE'S SCHOLARS PRACTISING FOR-
TIFICATION ON CLAVERTON DOWN.

THUS Rome, thus Sparta taught their infant train,
E'er manhood led them to the hostile plain;
The hardy vet'ran saw his offspring round,
With mimic feats of arms dispute the ground,
Pleas'd with the thought that time might see them stand,
The firm defenders of their native land.

So these, should war attempt Britannia's shore,
May bid, in future days, her thunders roar;
May raise the rampart frowning on the foe;
And sink the deep and gloomy fosse below;
Amidst assailing ranks confusion spread,
And hurl destruction on th' invader's head.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE TO CATO,

FOR THE SAME.—1778.

BEHOLD, this night by fond ambition led,
A beardless host presume these scenes to tread,
With treble pipes, to bid the battle rage,
And shake with Roman eloquence the stage.

Is there a man who thinks not with applause
Of Roman virtue and of Cato's cause?
Is there a heart that's not convuls'd with dread,
When the big cloud is bursting o'er his head?
When Cato stands, the virtuous and the brave,
O'erwhelm'd by fate, almost a Cæsar's slave?
What feeling Briton can the tear with-hold,
Whene'er the melancholy tale is told?

Britons !

Britons! to whom indulgent heaven gave
 That glorious freedom Cato dy'd to save,
 Which of you all can view without delight,
 Your children strive to catch the flame to-night?
 Will you not wish they early may aspire
 To join with Roman virtue British fire?
 Then candidly receive the tribute due
 To Rome's good Cato, fathers, and to you:
 You are our senate, whom we hope to find,
 ' To all our failures not a little blind.'

Guard us, ye fair, from disappointment's sneer,
 Because no Henderfon, no Dimond's here;
 What! though like them, we cannot boast the skill
 To tear and rend your passions at our will;
 Yet, let us hope the critic four and rough
 Will deign to own—for boys 'tis well enough.

Fir'd with the thought, our pigmy band draws near,
Nor doubts this night to meet goodnature here,
But should you frown—the truth I'll not dissemble,
You'll make the stoutest—even Cato, tremble.

PROLOGUE TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

FOR THE SAME.—1779.

BRITONS! to-night behold your sons aspire,
To catch a spark from Shakespear's muse of fire!
Shakespeare, a giant o'er the moderns stands,
With Jove's own thunder bursting from his hands;
They, puny bards, short-sighted look on high,
And meet his lightnings with a dazzled eye;
Abash'd they turn from his too fervid blaze,
“The little stars hide their diminish'd rays.”

O how

O how shall we, mere boys, attempt the strain,
Your six-foot heroes often try in vain?

O how shall we, in lisping accents, tell
How greatly Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius fell?

O how shall we, though humble trees we scale,
Ascend the lofty pine that scorns the vale?

Bold the attempt, and we like hazard run
With him, who dar'd the chariot of the sun;
But unexperienc'd from the giddy height
Saw shame and ruin flashing on his fight,
Prone he descends; Jove mark'd his rapid fall,
And urg'd him downwards with a flaming ball.

Now, vainly trusting to our feeble pow'rs,
Should the sad fate of Phaeton be ours—
Fathers, and friends, O hold the critic's hands
Nor let him launch on us his flaming brands!

Or else from poet's corner lightnings fly,
And thunder grumbles in the column nigh---

' School-boys turn actors ! psha ! Mr. What's-his-name

' (I mean their master) he is most to blame---

' Why, what the duce have boys to do with plays ?

' They get an itch of spouting all their days,

' And, Mr. Printer, let me tell you Sir,

' 'Tis quite absurd---your humble servant---SPUR'

Peace to all such left-handed sons of ink,
Who draw conclusions long before they think---

You, more good-natur'd, see the end in view,

That we your sons may speak correct and true ;

The beauties of our native language trace,

And study ease and dignity and grace.

This our defence---and further let me say

'Tis Christmas now,---boys have a right to play.

A MID-

A MIDSUMMER'S WISH IN GLOCESTER.

WHILE Phœbus darts a torrid beam

On Glocester's glowing streets,

O let me fly the heat extreme !

And seek the cool retreats.

But where shall I these limbs bestow ?

To Severn shall I fly ?

To Leddon clear or Poplar flow ?

But, Poplar must be dry.

Shall

Shall I to Robin Hood repair

And mount his fertile hill ?

Flora and Ceres wanton there,

And many a falling rill.

Shall I to Hempstead bend my way,

By old Lanthony's cell ;

Along by Newark's building stray,

And drink at Lady-well ?

Or, from the gate that fronts the west

To Over's shades proceed——

But clouds of dust the road infest,

Rais'd by each passing steed :

Yet,

Yet, Laffington, to climb thy brow,

And gay profusion see,

I'd dare the dust that whirls below,

And bless thine aged tree.

But, why, oppress'd by sultry rays,

To distant shades repair?—

Behold my spot, good N-wt-n fays,

And loose thy languor there.

Hail! lovely slip, from Eden brought,

Thou to the muse art dear;

For, lo! the scenes she toiling fought,

Are all united here!

ON THE NATIVITIE OF MAISTER JOHN N—T—NE, OF
SEYNCT OSW—D'S PRIORIE IN THE FAYRE CITIE
OF GLOUCESTRE.

OLDE MIDSOMMER DAIE MDCCLXXX.

FULL well I wotte, thys merrie daie,

My muse shall chaunte a roundelaie;

And, takinge the brighte morninge's winge,

With pleasaunt harte, arise and singe:

By Goddis grace, to greete with myrthe,

The daie of Maister N—t---ne's byrthe---

In calendar it stondeth faire—

Graunt that it long may flourish there!

Ye lads and lasses on the greene,

Sore toying in the funne, I weene,

Eftsoones

Eftsoones your scythes and rakes put downe,
 Take each your fayrest coat and gowne,
 To Severne side the crowder bringe,
 And, dauncing rownde him in a ringe,
 Bid the dull wight more deftlie plaie---
 'Tis Maister N---t---ne's natale daie !

Ye little birdes finge rownd his dome ;
 His garden is your blytheft home :
 Ye Fynches, for ye pecke his plums ;
 Ye Redbreasts, for he gives ye crummes ;
 Ye Larkes, ye Linnets, troule aloud ;
 Ne nest he pluckes, ne spileth bloud.
 Certes, ye birdes, ye mote be gay
 On Maister N---t---ne's natale daie !

Ye poortith menne and womenne eke,
 Who all the yere his praife y-speake,

In goodlie fort bow downe and kneel---

Praie for your worthie maister's wele ;

That, e'er he goe to heavenlie blyfs,

He may see manie daies like thys.

Soe all goode christen menne sholde praie,

On Maister N---t---ne's natale daie.

JOSEPH THE MYNSTRELLE.

ON THE SAME. MDCLXXXI.

RIGHT learned Clerke ! thy natale

Once more attunes mine humble laye.

Shall fader Time thys morn bringe rounde

And shall mine boxen reede not founde ?

Come daintie muse, the song advance---

Or, if this daie, thou looke askaunce,

And dare refuse ; for time to come

Be thou in vengeaunce stricken domb !

Bright

Bright sunne, uprise in welken cleere,
 Make thys daie fairest of the yeere;
 Be nothing of thy splendour shorne---
 The goode manne, who thys daie was borne,
 Doth, in philanthropie, I deeme,
 Shine lyke thy most enlivening beame.
 Therefore from yonder easterne skies,
 To gild the morne, brighte sunne uprise!

And thou, Sabrina, who doft glide
 Bye where hys mansion is defcied,
 Bid thy rough sonnes, though hoarse their tongue,
 To shout amain; and high be hung
 The fluttering flagges, as oft they doe,
 For other menne not quite foe trew:
 Or els, may Neptune, fierce and rude,
 Drive backe thy streame in angrie mood,

And leap thy bankes, as proud to see,

The manne who meets neglect from thee,

But lo! where yonder beaſtmenne crie,

And liſt the ſupplicating eye,

That heaven may graunt ſtill manie more

Of theſe goode daies to bleſs the poore.

‘ O be not ſwift, ye angels, ſtay,

‘ Nor bear our fader, friend, away;

‘ Still ſuffer health withouten lett,

‘ Take not your brother from us yet!’

Ev’n foe, the muſe moſt fervent joins.—

And, certes, if ſhe right divines,

Thy cheerful morn ſhall plume her wing

Full often yet, and byd her ſing.

Fain would ſhe ſtretch thy daies as farre

As thoſe allotted Maſter Parre;

Nor

Nor she alone, thys feat would doe,

All, rich and poore, would join her too.

JOSEPH THE MYNSTRELL.

TO THE REVEREND MR. N——,

WITH A MANUSCRIPT.

O THOU! who in that peaceful, calm retreat;

Where superstition held her reign of yore:

Where hooded monks sat fullen at her feet,

Or mutter'd at command her missal o'er:

● thou! whose ev'ning rays unclouded shine,

With chearfulness attending at thy side;

In whom the scholar, and the wit combine,

Unmarr'd by pedantry, unstain'd by pride:

When

When in that slip of Eden, form'd by thee,

Fast by where Severn's stream in silence strays,

Where, at thy feet, of all her beauties free,

The young-eyed spring her early tribute pays :

Whence, the delighted eye attempts to trace,

The various scenes, in Glocester's ample vale,

Sees Ceres smiling in her richest dress,

And commerce raise aloft the whitening sail---

If from these scenes some moments thou wilt spare,

To view these trifles, sent by thy desire ;

Pardon their faults, nor let the muse despair

Of absolution from her worthy Prior.

PART II.

SARCASTIC, EPIGRAMATIC,

AND

PLAYFUL.

AN EPIGRAM

FROM EPIGRAMS

DEAR FRIEND
SARCASTIC EPIGRAMS

And truly, I have found
Your sarcasms to be
A most effective
Way to make me
Laugh at myself

When I am in a bad mood

Hoping you will continue to do so

And no excuses

To crown the matter

• Bold! hold! I have

• What? By to

AN INVITATION IN WINTER,

FROM RUSTICUS IN WILTSHIRE TO HIS FRIEND AT BATH.

DE A R Frank, a full half year is past
 Since at my board I saw you last;
 And truly, I begin to fear,
 Your absence may complete the year;
 Which, to prevent, I send this letter,
 Hop'ing you will consider better;
 And, no excuses, take a ride
 To crown the mirth of our fire-side.

' Hold! hold! (I hear you cry in wrath)
 ' What? fly to country scenes from Bath?

L

' Why

' Why surely Ned has lost his reason,
 ' Quit Bath ? and in the very season.
 ' In summer,---when the streets conspire
 ' To aggravate the dog-star's ire,
 ' The country may afford---tis true,---
 ' Amusement, for a day or two ;
 ' But now, what charms can meet the fight
 ' O'er all the vast expanse of white ?
 ' No hedge-row green, no smiling hill,
 ' And all the feather'd songsters still !

Thus you object, my friend ;---thus I,
 In our coarse home-spun mode, reply.
 The absent sun you'll not require,
 When once you see my roaring fire,
 Which, in these cold December days,
 Shall welcome you with double blaze :

And

And by its side an empty chair,
With open arms, expects you there.

Enchanting scenes to feast your eyes
In prospect round my bowl arise ;
And as you quaff it's luscious juices,
You'll nauseate Bladud's' vapid sluices.

What if no larks no throffles sing,
To charm the ear, as in the spring ;
You know my little Sukey's lay,
Matches the sweetest of the spray.

And, though at Bath of wits you boast,
I can produce as good—almost :
Your Anstey, with his humour keen,
My Prior may supply I ween.

If Clar'ton's Rector you regret,
 Take Shenstone, I have got a set.
 Or if mere folly you can read,
 Here's D'Urfey for your invalid.

You see, as thus I state the case,
 How sophistry to truth gives place;
 Peruse it well,—the bare inspection
 Will stop the clamour of objection.
 And oh! if e're the pow'rs divine
 Vouchsafe an ear to pray'r like mine,
 May'ft thou, my much lov'd friend, perceive
 What painful fighs my bosom heave;
 Whilst I, in playfome mood, essay
 To quicken thy unkind delay.

ELEGY

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN A BOOKSELLER'S LUMBER ROOM.

COME hither, ye who pant for deathless fame,

Watching and wasting with the midnight oil,

Incessant lab'ring to secure a name,—

Come hither, and suspend your fruitless toil.

Behold these volumes, tumbled in the dust,—

Here massive folios all inglorious lie;

Here bulky quartos, every bandage burst;

With squat octavos, and the smaller fry.

Yet

Yet these their authors fondly hop'd would live

'Till Time himself should break his scythe in twain;

That prince posterity applause would give—

Alas! they hop'd but all their hopes were vain.

Oblivion throws her dusky veil around;

No prying eyes the pages now explore;

Except Grimalkin's, when with furious bound

The grating rat she seizes on the floor.

Here Bellarmine and Calvin, side by side,

Moulder in peace, and each forgets his fears;

Here Laud and Prynne their heads in silence hide,

No more to fall together by the ears,

Here

Here heavy Germans too, for ever sleep—

Grave commentators on the holy writ---

And caput mortuum chymists swell the heap---

And Quarles's, Wither's, and D'Urfey's wit.

The lawyer's jargon in black letter spread;

Now out of date, lies harmless in the mass;

And chronicles, with Baker at their head,

No more relate---how matters came to pass.

Here politicians, who in Anna's time

Enrag'd, with blackest gall disdain'd the quill---

Lesley, Defoe, Sacheveril, prose and rhyme,

Whig, tory, high and low, have long been still.

And

E'en poets here unnumber'd grovelling lie,

Who flew from lofty casements long ago

On paper wings; but far they could not fly,

But sunk with Blackmore and with Settle low.

The Critic here no more disturbs their rest;

Tremendous Dennis now allows them room---

Together fall the oppressor and the oppress'd,

And o'er their heads Arachne spreads her loom.

Vain mortal, learn from this, how vain the hope

To live in future times, whate'er thy skill:

Fame, like a fickle mistress, will elope---

Then, let the plodding tradesman take thy quill.

T O F O R T U N E,

ON PURCHASING PART OF A LOTTERY TICKET.

DAME Fortune, for once hear a poet,

Whom you ne'er have regarded before—

If you've any good nature, now show it,

And, kindly come knock at my door.

Dear girl, hurry on with your wheel,

And bring a large prize to my ticket;

Then I'll blefs your dear dancing light heel,

And welcome you, though in your smicket.

When you perch on Guildhall in your pride,

Where your favours are large and are plenty,

O jog the blue boys, by your side;

Left the rogues put me off with a twenty.

M

But,

But, O my dear goddess, take care

That you keep at a distance your blanks;

The sound makes me tremble, I swear,

It jingles so patly to H——

Take compassion, and be not hard-hearted,

As you ever have been hitherto;

'Tis high time you some bounty imparted;

So, let me see what you can do.

Come then, in your smiles all array'd;

And I'll rave at your jilting no more;

I'll swear you're a heavenly maid,

And leave others to swear you're a w——,

LOVELY

 L O V E L Y P O L L Y.

WHILST others sing, in plaintive strain,

The haughty maiden's cold disdain,

And jealous pangs the bosom tear,

With disappointment and despair;

At distance I, from these alarms,

Bedeck my song with Polly's charms.

O may the fair reward the toil,

And pay her poet with a smile!

Behold the charmer cross the green;

Behold, ye swains, the rural queen!

Though nymphs divine, your hearts enthrall,

Confess that she eclipses all.

Yet, not of brighter beauty vain,
 She strives to give our bosoms pain---
 Let brisk coquettes forego their airs,
 And by her conduct model theirs.

Indiff'rent she to pomp and drefs ;
 A miracle, ye fair, confess ;
 To nature true, devoid of art,
 Simplicity she loves at heart :
 No female follies stain her mind ;
 No whims, inconstant as the wind ;
 No fullen, pouting fits, are seen ;
 No indications of the spleen.

Her tongue, not often, silence breaks,
 But then no venom'd scandal speaks ;
 No murder'd reputation bleeds,
 Whilst on the banquet envy feeds.

These

These are my Polly's matchless charms,
 Whose smile the proudest heart disarms:
 Nor think, ye swains, a falsehood told,
 For, Polly is—but six months old.

TO A PRETTY SCOLD.

THY face and thy enchanting air
 Are truly beautiful, I swear,
 And tempting to the sight;
 But from thine eyes such flashes dart,
 And from thy lips such volleys part;
 We fly with wild affright!

So

So mariners, on India's coast

Behold, in pleasing wonder lost,

The scenes around them spread;

But soon the dreadful lightnings fly,

The horrid thunder tears the sky,

And strikes their souls with dread.

T O M R. P I N E,

HISTORY PAINTER,

WRITTEN ON READING A LIBEL AGAINST HIM.

T H Y magic labours brought to view

Correctly just, and chafly true,

Enliven'd with promethean fire,

Who, that can see, but must admire?

‘ Well, cries old Blunt, ‘tis surely known,

‘ That Pine hath long an artist shone;

‘ And men of taste and sense, agree

‘ To give him praise, for they can see.’

Why

Why then of late has critic rage
 Inscrib'd the foul envenom'd page,
 With base defamatory strictures,
 Against the artist and his pictures?

' As for your critics---such as vapour,
 ' And make a fuss in yonder paper,
 ' What wonder they no beauties find?
 ' Nature brings forth her *puppies* blind.'

TO A CERTAIN ODE WRITER

WHEN Dulnefs, from her ebon throne,
Thy mighty mother and my own,
Would blefs her darling Neddy,
Of lead ſhe gives a triple load,
Which ſerves as ballaſt to thy ode,
And helps to keep it ſteady.

Then, ſpite of critics and their prate,
We muſt allow thy muſe has weight,
And daringly can venture;
For, though ſhe cannot ſoar, my friend,
Yet who ſo rapid can deſcend,
And pierce the very center?

Old Priscian trembles at thy name,

He dreads thy strength and owns with shame,

That thou canst fling such strains out

(Though smaller dunces break his head)

Thy mighty arm, tremendous Ned!

Can dash his very brains out.

THE COUNTRY COMEDIANS.

TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

HERE vagrant heroes shake the feeble stage,
 And the barn totters to their mighty rage.
 The bird of wisdom quits her dusky throne,
 Disturb'd by sounds more horrid than her own.
 Othello roars and wildly stamps and tears—
 The distant bull for combat quick prepares,
 Suspects a rival, and from Chelmer's shore,
 With bold defiance, echo's roar for roar.
 Here Romeo whines his half-forgotten part,
 And tawdry Juliet melts each bumkin's heart;
 The rural lasses sob; and, whilst they weep,
 Declare they never saw a show so deep!

Here, the lame fidler, borrow'd from the hedge,
 Tortures our ears, and sets our teeth on edge.
 And old patch'd hangings lengthen into scenes,
 The wretched state of wretched kings and queens !

Whilst you, my friend, repair to Drury Lane
 And hear the town Melpomene' complain ;
 Or into crouded Covent-Garden press,
 Where smirks Thalia in a richer dress ;
 More than contented, *here* I take a seat,
 Resolv'd to suit my palate to the treat ;
 And while the barn with rustic plaudits rings,
 I envy not *your* Garricks---Shuters---Kings,

E S S E X.

T O T H E S A M E.

WHILST to the busy town confin'd,

You hunt for wealth with anxious mind,

And worship Plutus with the throng,

That to his temple croud along ;

Say, will my bustling friend have time,

To ponder Strephon's artless rhyme ;

Who distant from the scene of strife,

Enjoys the calm obscure of life ?

You say you pity me,—'tis true,

That from my soul, I pity you.

Yes, you must list among the slaves,

Who flatter fools and cringe to knaves ;

Who

Who dread a purse-proud blockhead's frown,

And dare not call their souls their own.

Amid such curs'd vexations tofs'd,

O can the purchase pay the cost?

Grant me, ye powers, a mind serene,

To roam along the sylvan scene;

To climb the hill, explore the vale,

And breathe the pure untainted gale;

To tread the half-enlighten'd grove,

And mutter fancies as I rove.

Then you, my friend, in search of self,

May keep your pity for yourself.

TO A FRIEND'S SON IN LONDON,

WITH A GOOSE.

PERHAPS, dear Jack, you may have read,
 Tho' as a cockney born and bred,
 Its very probable, I ween,
 You never with your eyes have seen,
 One of that noisy, nibbling race,
 Whom authors dread, as hares the chase;
 Who take delight to carp and hiss
 When careless poets write amiss;
 And oft set up a horrid cry,
 Yet none can tell the reason why.
 You surely must have heard their fame—
 We call them *critics*, child, by name:

Behold

Behold then, Jack, before your eyes,

A caetif critic prostrate lies.

Acrofs the green, or by the brook,

Whene'er his walks your poet took,

This gabbling thing would still pursue,

Or his, whilst he remained in view.

At last resentment fir'd his breast,—

The cackling fool he thus address'd:

'Thou silly thing, with brainless head,

'What, dost thou think it shall be said;

'That I regard thy hisses vile,

'Whene'er I chuse to mount the stile?

'Know, for these insults, thou shalt find

'That vengeance dire pursues behind.'

I said; when Peg, the farmer's maid,

Her penknife instantly display'd—

(That

(That penknife Hodge at fair bestow'd,

As o'er her cheeks the blushes glow'd;

But which the fates decreed above

Should sever Hodge from Peggy's love)

The weapon reach'd my noisy foe,

And spoil'd its hissing at a blow:

And now it quiet lies and flat,

A trophy sent to Jacky Matt—.

Thanks to my stars, its breath is fled,

Extend not mercy to the dead;

But let, dear boy, its limbs environ,

An hour, at least, a length of iron;

With culinary flames assay,

Its carnal crimes to purge away;

Which whilst impaled it abides,

Thyself stand by and baste its sides;

Until papa, with sharp'ned point,
Shall come and cut it joint from joint.

O would but fate, dear Jack, permit
That I might then beside you sit:
Provided, you enjoy'd the treat,
Your bard's revenge would be complet.

E P I G R A M I.

JENNY gives us a hint that her husband's a fool,
That he has no more sense than an infant at school;
And she's certainly right, for I think, on my life,
That he prov'd it all true, when he made her his wife.

E P I G R A M II.

SAYS my lady to Betty, pray are you a maid?
Yes ma'am, cries the girl, with a blush overspread---
Ah you impudent baggage! I very well know
That you had a child not a twelvemonth ago---
La! madam, says Betty, what ill names you call one!
I had, it is true, but it was but a small one.

E P I G R A M III.

ALAS! say's Ned, and heaves a groan,
My Chloe has a heart of stone! —
And what is worse by far, for Ned,
Says Chloe,—has a timber head.

E P I G R A M IV.

HARRY swears in his rage, at last ten times a-day,
That he wishes his wife was at h—;
And she, in return, can her talents display,
In packing him thither as well.
They are both to be prais'd for a conduct so wise,
(A conduct observ'd but by few)
For no one who knows them, dear Tom, e'er denies,
But that each gives the devil his due.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM V.

ON A FINE WOMAN PRAIS'D BY A BAD POET.

SELINA's charms and virtues shine

The fairest of the fair ;

Can she then need such praise as thine ?

Thou dunce beyond compare !

How couldst thou think her name would suit

With thy most nauseous rhyme ?——

But reptiles chuse the fairest fruit

And daub it with their slime.

EPIGRAM VI.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. BOLUS.

OLD Charon hath got him safe stow'd in his wherry,

So now, my brave boys, we may *live*, and be merry.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM VII.

CRIES ruby-nos'd Peter, an orthodox soul,
 Whilst I fill t'other pipe, landlord, fill t'other bowl---
Not to-night Sir, says Stingo, your friends are all gone.
'Tis late; 'tis past midnight; between twelve and one---
I appeal to the clock---psha! rot your appeals!
 Shall a soul that's immortal be rul'd by brass wheels?

EPIGRAM VIII.

SUCH a liar as Edmund I never came nigh!
 Put the *truth* in his mouth it will come out a *lie*.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM IX.

‘**W**HAT fums from Palemon continually flow!

‘ His hand to the utmost is ready to blefs;

‘ The widow and orphan soon dry up their woe;

‘ The sick and the captive forget their distress.

‘ The hoarding up treasure to him is no joy’---

You’re mistaken, my friend,---*that* is always his view;

He is grasping a treasure no time can destroy;

And he hoards it up safe where no thieves can break thro’

E P I G R A M X.

I Wonder what the men can see

That they so much admire in me!

Say, Frankly, what think you?—

Stultitia, I've consider'd well;

But for my soul I cannot tell—

So—faith I wonder too!

E P I G R A M XI.

WHEN all speak our praises, you know it is said,

That a curse most assuredly hangs o'er our head;

Then courage! Avaro, how safe from a curse?

Whose case is, of all men, the very reverse.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XII.

HOW swift thro' the town poor Pindaricus runs,
He's in chace of the bays, and is chac'd by the duns.

EPIGRAM XIII.

THE DOCTOR A CAPTAIN.

SO many sad widows and orphans he made,
He repented at last and relinquish'd the trade,
Took a sword and spontoon, and most solemnly swore
To live harmless, in future, nor kill any more.

EPIGRAM XIV.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

O GREAT Apollo! from one shame
Thy guardian power defend me!—

Though sons of genius often blame,

May dunces ne'er commend me.

EPIGRAM XV.

CLARA, of killing maids the chief,
Can either way destroy;
For when she frowns we die with grief,
And when she smiles, with joy!

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XVI.

ON SOME VERY YOUNG LADIES DANCING TO A BAD

FIDLER.

ALAS! that such cherubs in face and in shape
Should bring a man into so curfed a scrape!

EPIGRAM XVII.

YOU'RE engag'd with old Bufo to dinner at noon,
Then be careful, dear Charles, and provide a *long spoon*.

E P I S T L E

TO A FRIEND IN LONDON, WHO DREW THE AUTHOR'S

FACE IN CARICATURE.

DEAR DICK,

IT is not many years ago

Since our arch patriot, you know,

By Hogarth's devilish pencil drawn,

Was hung expos'd to public scorn;

With proper symbols plac'd around him,

As Hogarth well knew how,—confound him!

But, who the duce could e'er have fancied,

That it would enter any man's head

To

To give me the same honour, viz.

To sketch my rueful length of phys?

And this because I thought it best

To let my pen and inkhorn rest.

O thou unconscionable wretch!

Must I be ever on the stretch?

For ever burn the nightly taper,

And split my brain and spoil my paper;

And like your dog, obey your whistle,

And still come running—in epistle;

Ranging thro' all the moods and tenes

To hunt for wit, and lose my senses?

Thou, worse than any haughty Turk!

Without materials bid me work?

And, like old Pharaoh, hard and cruel,

Expect a fire when I've no fuel!

Tyrant!

Tyrant! no more my genius flashes,

Take then, in this, its dust and ashes.

But let us, Richard, coolly reason—

(Passion be absent at this season)

'Tis not a month since last I wrote;

Frank told me you receiv'd the note;

And that is sure a little while since,

Nor should you blame so short a silence.

Why will my friend grow warm and scold

If I neglect the sheet to fold?

And why send down a rough sarcasm

For one epistolary chasm?

Your pen you know I can but fence ill;

Then why the d—l draw your pencil?

If with one weapon you can do,

Say, is it fair to fight with two?

Short

Short by the neck may I be docked,
 E'er I'd thus triumph o'er a blockhead;
 (For there are blockheads in degree
 What I'm to you, there are to me)
 No, whilst I keep this side the grave, I
 Will spare the wretch who cries, *peccavi*:
 He shall pass on without controul,
 And swear I have a noble soul,
 Shall praise me for my moderation,
 In many a quaint and odd oration;
 And spread abroad my generosity,
 With tautological verbosity.

Could I but set my verse a-going
 Like native Wandle, sweetly flowing,
 Which glides the Surry plains among,
 By Pope immortalis'd in song,

Then

Then should my Friend no more complain---

(Thine on demand the tuneful strain)---

The muse should stretch her utmost powers

To cheer thy melancholy hours ;

And not, as now, with dulness creep,

Like maudlin wench when half asleep.

So moves the lake we Chelmer call,

('Tis hard to say it moves at all)

Its dirty Nauids from the mud

Ne'er lift their heads above the flood,

Unless when they for poppies waddle,

To twine a wreath for Carey's noddle.

O, Carey, what a genius thine is !

What bard alive can match thee ?---FINIS.

CHELMSFORD.

OBERON

OBERON THE FAIRY

TO HIS *WARD.

ALL hail! my lovely little boy,---
 Your guardian fairy gives you joy!
 I see you now a twelvemonth old,
 And strong and hearty, stout and bold.
 Now, you can clinch a fist to fight;
 Now, you have ivory teeth to bite;
 Now, from the lap though long your seat,
 You dare assert your little feet;

* A child of the late Mr. Charles Mutlow, of Gloucester.

And round and round the room can sport,

Nor need the leading-string's support;

But full of frolic, lively, free,

Can trip, dear Charley, just like me.

O how I smil'd when months ago,

Some folks put on a face of woe,

And told mamma her boy would die—

I knew they told a wicked lie—;

For though she long in silence griev'd,

And what they said almost believ'd,

Yet I (and not a fairy knows

More of the future I suppose)

Saw length of days so far extend,

That I was puzzled where they'd end:

Thus much I saw, declare I can,

I saw my Charles a good old man;

Happy

Happy and chearful, blest with ease,
 Like Mr. Newton, if you please.
 (Within whose grounds, when Luna smiles,
 We love to play our pranks and wiles.
 To twist his branches into bowers;
 To paint with brightest tints his flowers;
 To stop the snake from gliding thro';
 To chase the crawling newt from view;
 To lash the toad with sharpest stroke;
 And bid the frogs at distance croak.)
 Then judge, dear Charles, how I must smile,
 To hear folks talk in such a stile!
 I laugh'd 'till almost out of breath,
 To hear them doom my ward to death;
 When I was certain, past a doubt,
 He'd live all such grave prophets out.

Hail, to my sprightly Charles again!
 May nothing give his bosom pain.
 The world is full of troubles, true,
 But I shall careful watch for you.
 When bye and bye you join the croud
 Where little tongues go quick and loud.

When from your pouch you marbles draw,
 I shall be one upon your taw;
 Your young antagonists shall stare,
 To see you nick them to a hair;
 And whilst your hand the ruin spreads,
 Shall shew their bags and shake their heads.

Your kite, when mounting to the sky,
 Shall, with my aid, securely fly;
 Shall soar aloft on steady wing,
 Nor drop its tail, nor snap its string.

Your

Your shuttlecock shall twirling go;
 Your battledore ne'er miss its blow;
 Your tennis-ball shall bound amain,
 Nor break the unguarded brittle pane;
 So shall papa applaud your skill,
 Nor scold about the glazier's bill.

I too, when fruit shall tempting lie,
 And Charley has no cash to buy,
 Will whisper aunts and uncles round,
 And in his hand shall pence be found:
 I know when the temptation's strong---
 And know that little boys will long.
 But first (and I'll about it soon)
 I mean to put your tongue in tune;
 Then shall mamma your prattle hear,
 In notes far sweeter to her ear,

I speak

I speak it from my certain knowledge,
 Than uncle William's notes at college ;
 Though, when he bids the organ breathe,
 He charms the list'ning croud beneath.

I chose thy birth-day, Charles, to send
 This letter to my little friend ;
 To join with mortals in the joy
 That brightens up this day, my boy.
 Nor let folks wonder how thy sprite
 Could find the means to thee to write——
 At once I'll make that matter clear,
 I whisper'd all in H——'s ear,
 When he was in a waking dream
 Nodding o'er some dull idle theme,
 And sure I could not find a scribe
 More fit among your mortal tribe.

For

For Fairy-land to him is known ;

No other spot he calls his own ;

There he builds castles all the day,

Blown by the envious winds away ;

There all his hopes and prospects lie,

And there his hopes and prospects die.

Judge then if I could find a scribe

More fit among your mortal tribe.

OBERON.

TO

TO THE MISS P—L'S IN HEREFORDSHIRE,
FROM THEIR COUSIN CHARLES, AT GLOCESTER,
AGED FIVE MONTHS.

MY dear cousins both, I Charley your boy,
Send this letter inclos'd to your fair hands at Foy ;
Just to shew ye I'm not an ungrateful young spark---
But to pay my respects have commiffion'd my clerk :
'Tis true, he's a queer and an old fashioned elf ;
But the weather's so cold that I can't write myself :
Then, I hope, you will not be too ready to blame,
For confider, dear cousins, my love is the same.
Indeed I may boast, ay, and make it my glory,
That I never was caught by your sex in a story ;
My heart is so honest all falshood I scorn,
And have ne'er wounded truth since the day I was born.

OL

But

But brand me at once for a little impostor,
 If I should not be happy to see you at Glocester;
 And prouder by half than a Welshman with leeks,
 To cling round your necks, and make love to your cheeks.
 For search the sex round, and bring dozens and dozens,
 No boy can produce such a sweet pair of cousins.

Now perhaps you may wish just to know how I am—
 Why, I think, pretty well; for I eat and I cram,
 Which is one sign of health; and then I can crow,
 And make the house ring—that's another, you know.

But at home such vexations and crosses I meet,
 That I often am glad to get into the street;
 And as you are quite friendly, and each a good soul,
 I will open my heart and inform you the whole.

But mind *'tis a secret*,—so don't let it travel—

'Tis a family matter I mean to unravel,

Then pray keep it close (this caution excuse)

Or I may be paragraph'd else in the news.

So now to the tale of my treatment so cruel---

Mamma, who one minute protests I'm her jewel,

Will the next, without giving me item or warning,

Rub me down with cold water each winterly morning!

Without mercy, by handfuls she sluices my nose,

And downwards proceeds to my poor little toes.

I chatter and scream and look upwards to Penny,

(And my teeth too would chatter, I'm sure, had I any)

And I shiver, O bless me! and put a wry face on,

And make ev'ry effort to knock down the basin.

Nay more, would you think it? 'Tis true what I write,

I meet with ill language from morning till night!

If I look at the sugar when tea-cups are filling,
 Papa calls me rogue, and Mamma calls me villain.
 And Penny too scolds me in language so vile;
 I protest that, at times, you may hear her a mile;
 But I take my revenge when I stand on her lap;
 For I pull down her hair, and disorder her cap:
 Then she sets up her pipes, and I clinch my ten fingers,
 And we make as much clatter as half-tipsey ringers.

Though I am but a ninepin, it makes me quite wild
 To see myself treated so much like a child;
 For in striving to walk they will call me a dunce,
 If I chance, by mistake, to kick both legs at once.
 But I'll shew them the odds soon in stirring my stumps,
 When Crispin, the shoemaker, brings home my pumps.
 For full five months past I've had none to my feet,
 And the loitering wretch hath not brought them home yet.

In cold weather, like this, you will sure think it shocking,
That they will not afford me a shoe nor a stocking.

Would you like it yourselves to be serv'd in this manner?

No, not whilst there is leather or skins for the tanner.

I expect, ay and soon too, if pity's not fled,

To see my toes cas'd in morocco that's red;

With two clasps of silver well fitted together,

And then I'll trudge out, and a fig for the weather!

Thus I've told you at present how hardly my case is,

And now, my dear cousins, a kin to the graces,

Come over and pity your boy in distress,

And you'll favour him more than poor Charles can express.

But if you are cruel and will not come near,

Affure yourselves this, I at Foy will appear;

And chide and upbraid you, as well as I can,

And give myself airs like the tall creature---Man---

Like

Like him I'll declare 'tis a folly to vex

One's-felf for a moment about your whole sex.

But stop---my dear coufins, I'll not be fo bold,

'Till I know your intents, as to threaten or scold,

So I'll finish and mark now, in this place () and this ()

For each I've imprinted a feparate kifs;

And hope, when warm breezes fhall blow from the fouth,

To find you'll return them to me word of mouth.

And here I conclude with (difmiffing my clerk)

Dear ladies, your own coufin

Charley X his mark.

GLOCESTER.

ON

ON A PIECE OF BEEF,

WITH THE ENGLISH FLAG FIXED UPON IT BY A LADY.

WHILE Myra to our raptur'd view

Her happy skill displays,

The modest sage reserves—perduc---

The lesson she conveys.

“ Britons ! while thus your festive boards

“ Are crown'd with rich profusion,

“ Exert the vigour it affords

“ To ev'ry foe's confusion.

" Tho' French and Spaniard make a fuss,

" Proud of their vain alliance,

" The English banner, mounted thus,

" Bids the whole world defiance."

Thus, full in fight, she sets the chief

Incitements to our duty;

Lo! English honour---English beef---

And matchless English beauty.

THE END.

1 17 1

"The French and Spaniards make a false

"Proud of their vain alliance,

"The English banner, mounted thus,



"Bids the whole world

Thus, full in fight, she sets the chief

Incitements to our duty;

No! English honour--English pride--

And matchless English beauty.

THE END.

